

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



CONTENTS

<i>Dale Lytton: Family Life Is for Women and Children Only?</i>	1
<i>Mike Sovereign: Doublethink</i>	2
<i>Anonymous: Honest? Of Course I Am</i>	3
<i>Judith Raphael: The Honest Nonconformist</i>	4
<i>James H. Stein, Jr.: TV's Exploitation of Knowledge</i>	5
<i>Sue Hatch: The Lost Arts</i>	6
<i>Frank Kaspar: Step Aside, Mr. Beethoven</i>	7
<i>Sara Crew: Freshman Pledging Is a Scholastic Asset</i>	8
<i>Stanley House: "One for the Money and Two for the Show"</i>	9
<i>Max Flandorfer: It Doesn't Matter</i>	11
<i>Sue Fullerton: War or Peace: It Depends on You</i>	12
<i>Valerie Neville: Keeping Up with a Car (from the Woman's Angle)</i>	13
<i>Mark Zimmerman: Win the War Against Waste and Disease</i>	15
<i>Nelson G. Freeman: Five, Four, Three, Two, One</i>	17
<i>Kay Jones: Sunburst at Twilight</i>	19
<i>Richard Koch: Grand Canyon Sunrise</i>	26
<i>Sally Langhaar: The Old Man and the Canes</i>	27
<i>Toby Black: Away with the A's</i>	28
<i>Leon Simon: What Price Law Enforcement?</i>	29
<i>Jutta Anderson: Sketch</i>	30
<i>Leah Meyer: Put the Man Together</i>	31
<i>Rhet as Writ</i>	32

THE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Phyllis Rice, Edward Levy, David Gladish, George Estey, and Carl Moon, Editor.

Family Life Is for Women and Children Only?

DALE LYTTON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

AMERICANS ARE THE GREATEST "KIDDERS" ON EARTH. The majority of us wink at dirty politics, pretend to abhor sex, and hope to get something for nothing. A small minority recognize and decry these contradictions, but even this group usually goes along with the idea that American life in general is founded on a unit of organization known as the family. The family may have been the original social unit in America, but times have changed.

When the forty-hour week became commonplace, Americans (and especially labor bosses) could boast that finally the worker had enough time to be with his family. Did he? The mass migration of the middle class to the suburbs meant that once more man would leave for work at dawn and arrive home near bedtime. The long weekend (two full days) would allow the family to play its true role. Really? With Dad at the golf course, on the lake, or menacing all the stray animals in the great outdoors, he could hardly be expected to assume his designated role at home. Since Mom had canasta'd and P.T.A.'d during the week, she could be counted upon to be around (around the neighborhood, that is). Invariably, Junior preferred the "Y" or the movies or anywhere else but home.

Americans put a lot of emphasis on the importance of the home—and everyone from "Kissin' Jim" Folsom to the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* defers to the "family," grasping this mythical idea of domestic unity as gospel and spoonfeeding it to the people (who, according to the rules, believe anything in print).

Family life for women and children only? With the exclusion of any members of the family, can there be family life? Hardly! This is not to say that the lack of family life is going to bring the walls cracking down on us at any minute—that is not the problem. The serious question involved is that of being realistic about the breakdown of the family unit and admitting that the individual reigns supreme in our structure of society.

And while we're expunging this particular fairy tale about America's glorious family life, let's stop being such great "kidders" and regurgitate some of the other half-truths we've been so complacently swallowing all these years.

Doublethink

MIKE SOVEREIGN

Rhetoric 102, Book Report

A MAN WAS BORN AND HIS EDUCATION BEGUN. HE WAS taught to reason logically from observable evidence. He was told that all men are created equal, that force was basically evil, and that two wrongs never make a right. He matured and told his people that segregation was wrong, and they called him a "nigger-lover" and ran him out of town. He ignored their God, and they shunned him. He refused to fight in the war, and they called him a traitor and a coward. He maintained that if all men are equal, they should contribute according to their abilities, and profit according to their needs; and they branded him a seditionist, a revolutionary, and revoked his citizenship. In destitution, he tried to find a job to support his wife and children, and the unions and employers rejected him as undesirable. In desperation, he tried to leave the country, and was denied a passport. In despair, he killed himself.

But what has this to do with the novel *1984*? It is very hard to believe that people could doublethink, the action of believing what one does not believe, as effectively as the people in *1984* did. They could forget that yesterday the enemy was Eastasia, not Eurasia, and that the chocolate ration was being reduced when the government said it was being increased. They could close their eyes to the truth and, if necessary, believe that two and two equal five. This seems impossible, but examine the case of the young man above. Everyone is taught the principles that this man tried to apply. They are the basis of the religion of the country. But the vast majority ignore these truths because they find that society will not accept many actions based upon these principles, even though it professes to believe them. Therefore doublethink is necessary, just as it was a necessity for the party numbers in *1984*. In both cases the society demands that truth be denied, and that the denial be forgotten, if the individual wants to remain in the society. The individual must believe one set of values and act upon another.

Winston Smith and the man in the first part of this essay both refused to doublethink. Smith was finally converted by Room 101, the treatment that no one could endure. He was converted to prevent him from becoming a martyr. There is no Room 101 as yet, but people are so well schooled in doublethink that most of them would never think of the man in this essay as a martyr, quite the opposite. However, as O'Brien said in *1984*, without a Room 101 there will continue to be people who refuse to doublethink. But if the adherents of political, social, and economic orthodoxy can limit the spread of truth and

the refusal to doublethink, by tightening the patterns of conformity and blindly labeling all deviations as subversive or seditious, then a Room 101 will, in time, arrive; and a sterile world will no longer be troubled by nonconformists who refuse to doublethink.

Honest? Of Course I Am

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

LAST SUMMER WHEN I WAS BEING INTERVIEWED FOR A scholarship, the interviewer asked me if I considered myself to be an honest person. I replied, "Yes," and thought a little indignantly, of course I am. Does he suppose that I'm going to use the scholarship money for something besides college?

I was correct in saying that I was honest in respect to the scholarship money. I would have considered misusing it a crime. My definition of dishonesty included, among other things, any form of stealing. Actually, though, if I or one of my friends had taken a package of chewing gum or some other small insignificant item from the corner grocery, I probably would have made a joke of it.

It appears that I wouldn't have applied my standard of dishonesty to myself or to my friends. This would have been especially true if the dishonest act was committed on a dare or unthinkingly. That is, I wouldn't have applied it before I was caught in dishonesty myself.

I was employed last summer by a dairy company at the state fair. The employees where I worked received their lunches free by merely going through the kitchen and behind the counter to get the food. I had been eating in back of the kitchen with a friend who was working at another part of the fairgrounds. With the original intention of paying for it, I got his lunch at the same time I got mine, so that he wouldn't have to wait in the long lines. However when I couldn't get to the cashier, I didn't pay. The third time this incident occurred the manager called me aside, stated that he had seen me, and then fired me.

Of course my friends told me that everyone "stole" a milkshake now and then, and that I just happened to get caught. Probably it seems ridiculous to suffer a guilty conscience over a couple of pilfered milkshakes, but then most people haven't been caught stealing. They haven't had their inflated opinions of their honesty pricked, as I have.

When asked if they were honest, I wonder if these people could reply, "Honest? Of course I am." I couldn't.

The Honest Nonconformist

JUDITH RAPHAEL

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH PART OF MY EDUCATIONAL background should help to understand why I value my Freshman Week experience. For the past school year I attended the Art Institute of Chicago. It is an art school and a very liberal institution. Most of the student body resided in the "arty" section of Chicago in sub-basement flats. They wore beards, dirty sweatshirts and sandals, and possessed a great deal of contempt for society and its rules. By rules, I mean institutional and social conventions, not laws. Nonconformism was their God, and "doing as one pleases" their religion. They put these feelings a good deal more idealistically, however; and lacking in self-discipline anyway, I began to believe them. I liked the way they rationalized my immaturity and called it individualism. In fact I was very much impressed with the idea that I was a natural nonconformist. My parents were not, however, and within a few months my stay amongst the "bohemians" was abruptly ended. I was packed off to the University of Illinois.

A very beneficial incident occurred my first day at the University. I indignantly told some clerk at McKinley Hospital that I was in perfect physical condition and absolutely refused to take a silly physical examination. The clerk very calmly told me in no uncertain terms either to take it or go back home. Needless to say, I took the physical. That was only the beginning of a week of following rules without any other alternative. It started me thinking.

Actually, there is very little connection between breaking laws and non-conformity. Chaos is all that would result from lack of restriction. I now believe that people who defy rules are not always the staunch individuals. In many cases they are just basically weak in self-discipline. Naturally I would rebel against restriction of my freedom of speech, religion, and thought, but not against some rule which merely states that I cannot stay out after one o'clock. If individualist is the title given to those who defy rules, then the best of them are in prisons. It is far more of a challenge to retain one's identity when under the restriction of certain institutions and customs. Any fool can break rules and be different.

No one can change overnight, but I do feel that my new ideas are more mature than my former ones. Maybe I should thank that fellow at McKinley Hospital who told me to go home. He frightened me into thinking.

TV's Exploitation of Knowledge

JAMES H. STEIN, JR.

Rhetoric Placement Test

THIS FALL AMERICAN TELEVISION VIEWERS WILL SEE more quiz programs than ever before. Two of the three major networks have announced that they will program more quiz shows in the "peak viewing hours" this year. Clearly, it is time for an evaluation of these so-called "educational" programs.

The better-known quiz programs offer large cash prizes of more than fifty thousand dollars. To win such a sum, a contestant usually has to answer a series of questions which are progressively more difficult. Many of the questions require the contestant to recall dates or names from history. The average viewer will soon forget the years the Tigers won World Series; most housewives will be unable to list the "minority" Presidents of the United States even immediately after a contestant has successfully listed them in chronological order.

The harder questions are so detailed that they border on the ridiculous. One question asked of a teenage girl on *The \$64,000 Question* consisted, in part, of naming the two American atomic-powered submarines; explaining the difference between their atomic drives; giving the atomic weight of a certain isotope, the half-life of a certain radio-active material, and the age of the earth as determined by the decay of that substance—and of answering certain questions about cyclotrons. It took the girl nearly eight minutes just to answer the question. American families all over the nation gasped and bit their fingernails, but few actually retained any of the information.

Many questions are involved and tricky. However, the contestant is never made to do any original or constructive thinking. If he has a good memory, and is acquainted with the subject, he can rattle off the answers like a parrot. Such questions have little or no educational value. An educated person does not necessarily have thousands of little bits of information stowed away in his mind; instead, he is able to locate them quickly, in a book or elsewhere, and to use them logically and constructively.

Sponsors and networks proclaim their programs as "educational." This is because they dare not tell the public the cause of the programs' appeal. People like to see freaks, and a twelve-year-old boy who has memorized college texts is, to an extent, a freak. People also like to identify themselves with the contestants, and to dream of winning all the money for themselves. This is why the sponsors do not select contestants who would be expected to

know a subject thoroughly, such as professors, but "personalities," such as a friendly jockey who reads Shakespeare.

Education is not come by easily. No one can shovel knowledge into a person's mind, over television or elsewhere. Learning is an individual activity, not a commercialized amusement.

The Lost Arts

SUE HATCH

Rhetoric 101, Theme C

OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS ARE GROWING UP TO BE teachers, scientists, lawyers, but they have already lost one of the most wonderful gifts that their forefathers have left them. Our children have lost the sensitivity, the understanding, and consequently the appreciation for the beautiful creations of the greatest artists of all time because our schools place importance only on scientific facts, not on the beauty of creation.

Great artists such as Bach, Handel, and Mozart, won the applause of thousands. Each of these musicians was a creator of popular music, for their works were exceedingly popular when they were written. What kind of musician wins the cheers of millions now? Elvis Presley and Johnny Ray have people fighting each other to get a mere glimpse of one of them, but not by the loosest meaning of the term can these men be called artists. Why have our youngsters fallen for this clumsy, badly written music? The reason is quite plain; no one in our great school system has found time between math classes to teach or point out the beauty in the subtlety of the greatest musical works of all time. Consequently, the present-day teenagers have fallen into a habit of admiring music which must have a rhythm so terrifyingly obvious that it clouts one over the head. Yet, according to the "authorities" there can be nothing wrong in the teaching methods of our schools.

Apparently music isn't the only art that has been undermined by our modern blockheads. If Rembrandt were ever to see our "modern art," he undoubtedly would feel that there is no sense in making paint brushes or canvases any more. After all, when art gets so modern that the Chicago Art Institute hangs an artist's palette on its wall as an example of this wonderful new type of painting, one can hardly help thinking that there is something wrong among our artists and their critics. But what the public doesn't stop long enough to think over is the chance that our education might have something to do with this modern type of ignorance.

Although this lack of understanding where the fine arts are concerned doesn't go completely unnoticed, if anyone criticizes our youth, he is called "crack-pot," "old fashioned," and "fanatic." Won't someone please come to the aid of our limping education and dying arts?

Step Aside, Mr. Beethoven

FRANK KASPAR

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

WE, THE PEOPLE OF THE PRESENT GENERATION, ARE extremely fortunate, for we have beheld a great transition in music. Yes, that "stuffy" music written by the old masters has finally been replaced by a new and soothing musical style called "rock and roll."

The great popularity of rock and roll can be attributed partially to the lyrics of the songs. For instance, one artist croons a passionate love song which relates his experiences while attending a drive-in theater with his favorite girl. He describes the tender moments they shared while sitting in the back seat of the car, eating peanuts and candy. It is enough to make one choke on his emotions; to think of making love over a bag of peanuts! Another great artist has recorded a song in which he reprimands his girl friend with the bitter, cutting remark, "Well, you ain't nothin' but a hound dog!" Imagine the effect that these well-chosen words must have had on the girl, for they are so forceful, so . . . degrading. One of the greatest, most heart-felt passages ever encountered in musical history comes from a top-selling Elvis Presley record. It seems that Elvis deeply loved a beautiful girl; so he wrote a song which describes the storm of love which had lodged within his heart. Through this tender love song, he tells the girl that because of her, he is "All Shook Up." I am certain that future lovers will view these words in the same light that today's lovers view Romeo's speeches to Juliet.

There is another reason for the great popularity of rock and roll—one which is even greater than the poetic beauty of the songs. Rock and roll artists possess a tone quality that would have put Enrico Caruso to shame. Little Richard is the first name that enters my mind when I desire an example of this unbelievable tone quality. Perhaps the reader has heard that certain singers are capable of emitting tones which will crack a champagne glass. Well, I believe that Little Richard's voice could shatter any coke bottle within fifty yards. Rock and roll musicians, as well as singers, exhibit this wonderful tone quality. I would be willing to wager that Mr. Sil Austin, the famous saxophone player, had been taking music lessons for at least three weeks prior to his recording of "Slow Walk."

With artists such as those mentioned above giving their support to it, rock and roll can hardly fail to replace classical music. Step aside, Mr. Beethoven, and witness the age of good music—rock and roll.

Freshman Pledging Is a Scholastic Asset

SARA CREW

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

MANY PEOPLE ARE AGAINST FRESHMAN PLEDGING. A common objection is that since freshman year is the transition year, the year of orientation to a new way of life, pledging is an added and unnecessary burden which interferes too much with studies. However, from personal experience as a freshman pledge, I have seen many advantages to this system which I will attempt to bring to light here. Since I am relatively unfamiliar with fraternity pledging, I shall speak in terms of sorority pledging only.

Education is the primary purpose of our university, and no system is more aware of this than the Panhellenic system. The rushee must be able to fulfil certain scholastic qualifications before she may pledge. These vary slightly from house to house, and there are some exceptions in which individuals not possessing such qualifications have been pledged, but in the main they are hard, fast, unbreakable rules. These rules require that the girl stand in the upper half of her high-school graduating class. Many houses require a higher standing. It is believed that her high school record is indicative of how she will do in college.

The Panhellenic system urges scholastic achievement by offering trophies to the house and the pledge class having the highest average. A banquet is held at mid-term which is attended by the pledge with the highest average from each pledge class. Scholarship banquets are held to honor the five-point students. The individual houses also recognize outstanding scholastic achievement with awards given to those with a 4.5 or better average. Pledges are encouraged to strive for membership in Alpha Lambda Delta, honorary society for freshman women carrying sixteen credit hours with a 4.5 average. The houses are ranked on the quartile system, and of course every girl works so that her house may be in the first quartile. Her pride in her sorority and herself makes the girl try harder to maintain a higher average than she might if she were an independent and did not have these standards and goals set before her. Last, but far from least, the pledge must have a 3.3 average to become activated. If all else fails to make her study, the thought of that pin, and all that goes with it, will spur her on.

Social life is kept at a minimum during the pledge year. Pledges are required to study from seven until ten on school nights. They are also expected to study during the day from eight until three-thirty when they are not in class. Independents, on the other hand, have no study rules, and the social whirl sometimes tends to get the better of them. This is particularly true of freshmen,

since they are unaccustomed to planning their own time. A friend is living here independently. She told me recently that she dates during the day between classes as well as in the evening. At this rate she may find herself buying a one-way ticket home when mid-term grades are released. The temptation to have a good time is often hard to overcome, and it is unfortunate that if the independent's inclinations veer in this direction, there is nothing to hold her back.

Another popular misconception is that the poor pledge is constantly swamped with meetings and endless pledge duties. We have meetings one night a week, and these are generally terminated by eight-thirty. Pledge duties consist of answering the phone three hours a week and cleaning the room twice a week. Other duties include cleaning the laundry room and study hall, running any errands the house mother might have, and similar jobs which require no more than half an hour. These duties are performed by a different pledge each day, and often there are days when a pledge has no duties whatsoever. Are these activities so time-consuming that they keep the pledge continually submerged? I hardly think so. Rather, they are good discipline, for one learns to budget her time in order to get everything accomplished efficiently.

The pledge also has the advantage of living with upperclassmen who may be able to assist her in a course she finds difficult. Furthermore, she benefits in that living in close contact with a cross-section of personalities enables her to acquire new ideas and viewpoints on her various subjects.

All these benefits, plus the constant emphasis on studying, result in very creditable academic achievement among the pledges. Had I not pledged, I do not believe I would try as hard as I do. Keen competition among the sororities and within the sorority, personal pride and pride in my sorority, these are more than sufficient incentive for high academic achievement. I am certain these sentiments are shared by every freshman pledge on the campus. They are our obligation to our sisters and ourselves.

“One for the Money and Two for the Show”

STANLEY HOUSE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1956, I WENT THROUGH THE FORMAL rush here at the University of Illinois. During this four-day period, the foremost topic of conversation as I visited various fraternity houses, was my intended academic major. Each house expressed a superficial interest in my college career and pointed out the number of fellows in my curriculum. Being a rather “green” freshman, I listened intently as the “Greek” salesman

told me about their seminars and compulsory study periods for pledges and as they pointed to their shiny scholastic trophies adorning the walls. I was also told that in addition to providing every opportunity for success in school, the Greek system offered the freshman pledge an incentive to work hard.

In order that I might get off to a good start in school and become familiar with my daily routine, I was treated as a guest for the first week of classes. Then, on the eve of the second week, I was pulled out of bed to be initiated into pledging. At this time, I was informed of my pledge duties as well as the fraternity traditions. True to their boastings, the members ordered me to be in the library when not in class, from eight to four, Monday through Friday, with a one-hour break for lunch. At four o'clock, I would return to the house to pick up laundry and shine shoes for members. At seven o'clock, I would take my books and go to the dining room, where a member serving as a proctor would put me on silence and would order me to glue my eyes to a book for the next three hours. Realizing the importance of a good night's sleep, the pledge trainer required me to be in bed by eleven. This was the time-table as outlined for me in the pledge policy and as executed on the first, and only the first, day of pledging.

From then on the emphasis seemed to change from school to pledging. Instead of going to sleep at eleven, I would wash floors and do housework till two or three in the morning. On Tuesday and Thursday, my first class was at ten o'clock, but nevertheless at eight I was in the library sleeping peacefully with a book opened before me, and absorbing knowledge by osmosis.

Just as the school week was devoted to pledging, so the weekend was committed to this same servitude. Pledges were required to have a certain number of dates and to attend all social functions. Many weekends, I would have liked to sleep and then study for a coming hour examination, but I always had to get up early on Saturday morning and rake leaves or wash windows, and then go out that night.

As a result of my busy schedule and divided attentions, neither my life nor my time was ever my own. From time to time, physically exhausted and mentally forlorn, I would lose track of my primary purpose in being here.

Having been a member of a fraternity one semester, in addition to my first semester of pledging, I realize that pledging is basic to the fraternity, and I will always have fond memories of my first semester. However, I must confess that I think I would have been better off living independently my first semester and adjusting to college at my own rate. In this way, I could have studied when I wanted to, slept at night and dated when I was caught up in school. In general, I could have assumed full responsibility for my actions and matured on my own. Then, after the first crucial semester, I could pledge a fraternity, confident that I was a college student, and eager to take part in this other, less important phase of college living. I definitely believe that pledging should be banned to the first semester freshman, but I personally encourage students to go through second-semester rush.

It Doesn't Matter

MAX FLANDORFER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

MAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO FIND SOME EXCUSE for starting a war, and if he couldn't find a legitimate one he would go out and dream one up or start the war for no reason at all. That has always been certain and always will be: Man will find a reason for starting a war. It's always a holy war of some sort, for freedom, for land, for a better life. There is always this detestable search for the Holy Grail, and surely it must sicken the stomach of a reasonable man.

There is one reason for man going to war, one single reason for man killing his fellow man—he loves it. Always there is talk about horror and grief, but it still, always, seems to come out a big party with soul-stirring songs, pretty banners, and people being happily sad about leaving each other. Sad? Every blood-lusting one of them loves every minute of it.

A few years ago we finished the latest “holy war” and, for a while, there seemed to be no conceivable reason for another. How long ago was it, or how short? How soon again before we can take out our little flags and wave them around?

Now it is capitalist aggressors and Communists war mongers! There are the oppressed slaves of Wall Street and the oppressed workers of Communism. There is a new aggressor and a new oppressed. We have an excuse: all we need now is a trigger. What will the trigger be?

A Communist moon is spinning over free American soil. It can be taken down and twisted and bent out of shape. It can be heated in the furnace of human hate and greed, and forged into a wonderful trigger. That is as good a reason as any, and God will lead us. And if there is a God, with what red hands he must lead us. Somehow, some way, that first bomb will, must, explode.

When a bomb explodes and kills someone, who can say what was the cause? Was it the powder in the bomb or was it the fuse? Was it the hand that dropped the bomb or the order that caused the bomb to be dropped? Was it the person who paid to have the bomb made or the man who was paid to make the bomb? And what is the justification for exploding a bomb, or does there have to be any?

To the man lying on the ground with his life spread red and messy around him—it doesn't matter. To the mother holding a mass of broken bones and dripping flesh that was once a child—it doesn't matter. To a child sitting crying and terrified next to a piece of his mother—it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter.

War or Peace: It Depends on You

SUE FULLERTON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

THREE WEEKS AGO AN EVENT SURPRISED AND SHOCKED most citizens of this country; the Russians launched their satellite, Sputnik. Before this, we had lulled ourselves into a sense of security concerning our scientific superiority. We were like the high school student who is the smartest in his class. He gets good grades without studying, therefore he thinks he can learn with no effort. Because we had always been first to have new mechanisms and gadgets and because our scientists had made some notable discoveries, we thought that only in our country were inventors ingenious and scientists brilliant. Then came the blow to our national ego—the Russians launched the first man-made satellite.

Furthermore, we are told that our own scientists cannot duplicate the feat because we have not developed a fuel powerful enough to project a satellite to a height where it will remain to circle the globe. Does this mean that Russia is ahead of us in all scientific development? No. Does this indicate that the Communists are capable of coming into our country and either seizing it or destroying it? No. Will this lead to World War III? The answer to this question lies with each individual in the United States.

Remember the too-smart high school student? He came to college and found a great many other people who seemed to know just as much or more than he did. He has begun to wonder, "What if I'm not as smart as I think? Maybe the guys at home were just dumb." Making top grades now without studying is impossible; he has never studied. What will he do? There are two possibilities: either he learns to study, works hard, and makes good grades; or he doesn't study, plays around, and goes home after a semester or two.

What will we as a nation do? Our security in superiority has been upset. We are not sure that we know as much as everyone else. What will we do? Again there are two possibilities: Either we can accept defeat or we can rise to meet the challenge offered us. Either we can admit we are defeated and go into a state of panic which would necessarily accompany such an admission, or we can rise to the challenge and encourage our scientists even more in their endeavors for superiority of accomplishment.

However, some of our attitudes may have to change. No longer can we point to our nation with gross conceit saying, "Look, world, we have everything: freedom, more material advantages than any other nation; more brilliant minds. Our nation has made more progress in every way than any other." Now we have begun to wonder; perhaps that is a good thing. When our friend was in high school, he could "get by" without studying; therefore he didn't

study. When our nation gloried too much in its own conceit, perhaps its people didn't work hard, didn't try to progress as rapidly as they could. Now what will they do?

Our statesmen and diplomats must change their propaganda a little. Instead of assuring us that our scientists still know more than anyone else's and that we can dictate what the rest of the world may or may not do, they must believe and explain to us and the rest of the free world that this advance of the Russians is not the most horrible thing that could have happened; it is shocking, but not petrifying.

Our scientists must continue their research, perhaps at a slightly accelerated rate. Realizing that the future of our nation is in their hands, we should offer them all the encouragement we possibly can.

What about us individually? What can we do? First we must accept the fact that the Russians have made a great scientific advance. We must neither belittle that accomplishment, nor be terrified by it. Either of these courses leads to eventual strife and the greater possibility of another war: Instead we must rise to the challenge hurled at us and encourage more and more people to enter fields of scientific research such as engineering, physics, and mathematics. Only by having more and better educated scientists can we meet the caliber of the Russian scientific force. Only by showing the rest of the world that we still believe in ourselves can we hope to retain respect and confidence. Only by studying can our college freshman become a senior.

Keeping Up with a Car (from the Woman's Angle)

VALERIE NEVILLE

Rhetoric Placement Test

KEEPING UP WITH AN AUTOMOBILE IS NEVER AN EASY feat. All too often the antics of our four-wheeled friends will render us speechless, and sorely wounded in the pocketbook. Perhaps I exaggerate slightly. Perhaps all cars do not have the complex personality of our family vehicle. Perhaps some automobiles do not require a weekly trip to the local garage. If this be true, I would like to know what magical secrets are in the possession of the car owners.

Men have no trouble keeping up their cars. Men have mechanical knowledge. Men can go out, buy the necessary parts, and perform the necessary labor themselves.

Women have a very difficult time trying to keep up with a car. In the first place, they don't understand "what makes it go." When a woman arrives at a garage, she has been carefully coached by some male. She knows exactly what to say. She will tell the mechanic exactly what is wrong with the differential, even if she has no idea what the differential does or where it is. Telling the vehicle's troubles to the mechanic is the easy part. When the mechanic tells the woman what he will do to remedy the situation, the poor woman's troubles begin.

The mechanic rattles off a long series of technical terms. These terms must be memorized, so that the woman may report back to her husband or father. The woman will try very hard to get it all straight, but terms like *generator* and *distributor* baffle her. She will generally remember only two things the mechanic told her—how long the car will be in the shop, and how much it will cost.

Woe unto the unfortunate female who must report to a garage without coaching. The most vivid description that can be conjured up by this poor lady is, "It goes click-click-click." She must pretend not to notice the mechanic's supercilious grin.

Another unfortunate difficulty that plagues females with cars is peculiar to young women. A car which is transporting five or six teen-age girls suddenly develops a remarkable noise. The young women don't know what to do, but they are dreadfully worried about Daddy's car. So they turn in to the nearest service station. They describe the remarkable noise to the attendant. The attendant asks to hear the engine. But as soon as the car is started, the noise disappears. The attendant smiles a knowing grin. Since he can hear no unusual sounds, he assumes that the girls came in for a brief flirtation. The young women now have two worries—what to do about the attendant and what to do about the non-existent noise. There is one pleasant feature of an old, cantankerous automobile. It makes friends wherever it goes. It is surrounded by comments of "They don't make 'em like that any more." Of course they don't; there is a good reason. Everyone can't spend five or six hours a week pacing an oil-spattered garage floor. However, after the rather rough breaking-in period, any woman can learn to enjoy running a car. (She will never quite be able to keep up with it.) If hers is a big old car, she has my deepest sympathies. She also has this word of advice:

Learn to enjoy garages. Mechanics are really pleasant people, if you don't worry about the sneers they will give you. Also, garages are educational. You can learn all kinds of fascinating things about cars. If you learn your lessons well, you will be able to astound the man in your life with some statement like, "Honey, I think those valve-lifters are awfully noisy."

Win the War Against Waste and Disease

MARK ZIMMERMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF FOR EVERY ANIMAL THAT you raised on your farm you were to lose twenty dollars? Probably you are thinking to yourself, "I could most certainly do a more efficient job of farming than that!" But what if you continued to lose twenty dollars per animal? Perhaps you now say, "I'd quit raising these animals." Of course, this solution would be more economical than continually operating at such a loss.

Do you know that for each rat you board on your farm you lose twenty dollars? And do you know that this has been going on for years? Yet, what have you done to stop this needless waste?

It is a generally known fact that there are 171 million people in the United States. But, did you know that there are also 171 million rats in the United States? In other words, there is one rat per person in this country. Annually these 171 million rats destroy the food and produce from two hundred thousand farms. This vast amount of wasted commodity would be enough to feed ten million people, or about one-seventeenth of our entire population. It wouldn't be so bad if the rat only ate the food that he touches, but this mischievous monster insists upon destroying ten times more than he actually eats.

With their sharp incisors, rats are capable of gnawing through oak planks, sun-dried bricks, slate shingles, and poorly constructed concrete three inches thick. Rats also start costly fires by gnawing through the insulation on electrical wires. From these preceding facts the United States Department of Agriculture has been able to estimate that we pay twenty dollars to board each rat on our farms for a year.

Rats are the carriers of at least ten human diseases, including rat-bite fever and the bubonic plague. The bubonic plague is an example of the widespread disease-filth destruction carried by rats. The plague was first recorded in history during the outbreak of 49 B.C. in Athens, Greece. In the year 1300, one-fourth of the entire population of Europe was wiped out as a result of the terrible bubonic plague. Contrary to the general belief that the plague is carried by the rat itself, the plague is transmitted to humans by a flea which lives on the rat. Without its host the flea soon dies; thus, to control the bubonic plague, the control of rats is compulsory.

In more direct connection with the farmer, the rat is the carrier of several livestock diseases, including pseudo-rabies and trichinosis. Rats are also the

carriers of various kinds of fleas, lice, mites, and many internal parasites. According to a recent report by the Federal Food and Drug Administration, rat contamination causes bigger discounts on the market prices of food grains than does insect infestation. This hits our neighbor, the wheat farmer, to the tune of a sixty-five-to-ninety-five-cent loss per bushel on his sealed wheat.

The rat problem is a serious one! How then, are we to combat them? Can we call upon a Pied Piper to drown all of our rats as he did in the fairy tale? Don't we wish it were that simple! In the past, traps, gases, poisons, cats, dogs, and ferrets have all been used with limited effectiveness—but none have completely eliminated the rat problem.

The shortcomings of traps are readily recognized because rats quickly learn to avoid them. Gases have proven dangerous and difficult to use. Poisons provide an effective first baiting, but 'bait shyness' allows the rat population to rebuild. Both gases and poisons are harmful to children, pets, and farm animals. Although cats, dogs, and ferrets have been utilized to a certain extent, they have not been used on a large scale.

There are, however, two preliminary measures that can be used to help check rats. They are:

1. Eliminate the rat's breeding ground by cleaning up all rubbish, junk, and trash piles around the farmstead, and by placing all firewood and lumber on platforms eighteen inches above the ground level.
2. Shut off the rat's food supply by ratproofing the farm and home buildings with tin or wire mesh around windows, doors, pipe and wire entrances, and foundation walls and studdings.

But still, rats continue to flourish. Since the beginning of recorded history, man has been unable to cope efficiently with these crafty enemies and has been forced to live with them, trading food and shelter for unlimited waste and disease.

Modern science has come to our rescue. Biochemists at the University of Wisconsin, under the leadership of Professor Karl Link, have spent many years studying drugs called anti-coagulants, derived from the hemorrhagic sweet-clover disease of cattle. One result of this tremendous research, "Warfarin," causes a breakdown in the clotting power of blood. Death comes to rats from internal hemorrhages after they have eaten warfarin repeatedly from five to fourteen days.

Warfarin does not cause bait shyness as do poisons, and it doesn't harm children, pets, or farm animals. Warfarin may be purchased in the concentrated or ready-mixed form at most feed, drug, and hardware stores. Ground shelled corn and rolled oats must be mixed with the warfarin concentrate.

It may seem that I am trying to sell warfarin. I am not! Warfarin is not a product, but rather the active ingredient in many of the well-known rat baits on the market today.

Warfarin offers a scientific approach to rat control. Its effectiveness de-

pend upon you. You must use a fresh grain bait, one which is highly acceptable to the rats, and you must have that bait available at all times. Remember, it costs twenty dollars to keep one rat on your farm for a year, and for the cost of keeping that one rat, you can destroy one thousand rats. The very minute you begin this warfarin control program on your farm, you will become a well-equipped soldier in the war against waste and disease.

Five, Four, Three, Two, One

NELSON G. FREEMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS THE DESERT LANDS OF THE Southwest have lain quietly, beautiful but uninviting to man. The flat, barren land with its shifting sands, broken only by an occasional range of sharp mountain peaks rising abruptly out of the dust floor, leaves an impression of a place where man would never attempt to live or work. Yet today, dotting these endless stretches of waste, there are huge man-made centers of activity where the most advanced products of man's scientific conquest are tested every day. The once-still mountain peaks now vibrate with the thunder of rocket engines, and the clear blue sky is pierced by the orange flames of a missile as it leaves the dusty brown desert floor far below it. The words of the firing count-down, "Five, four, three, two, one—" have a familiar ring in every missileman's ears, but these words represent only a small segment of the total picture of the successful firing of a missile.

One desert center is concerned with the testing of one particular type of guided missile, the surface-to-air variety. These missiles are small, sleek darts of destruction designed to seek out and destroy, at supersonic speeds, enemy bombers, fighters, and other missiles. To check out the performance of the missile system and the men who operate it, all of the testing is done under simulated battle conditions, such as might occur if an enemy aircraft tried to make a sneak attack on a city. This type of testing places a premium on speed as well as accurate work by the small, highly trained firing crew. The activities of the testing mission are divided into two portions, one prior to the day of the shoot and the second on the day of the shoot.

Before the testing mission can actually start, the missiles must be readied for firing. All of today's missiles are complex mechanisms, containing hundreds of components from many varied industries. In the surface-to-air variety all of these precision parts must be squeezed into a very small space. From the smooth, toughened metal skin, capable of withstanding speeds of several thousands of miles per hour, to the maze of intricate hydraulic and electrical lines of her insides, the missile is fitted together like a precision watch. Her

food, the rocket fuel, is delivered by men dressed in all-rubber suits who present a weird, science-fiction-like scene as they swarm over the missile in their highly dangerous chore. Her greedy appetite for such active chemicals as fuming nitric red acid and others, all at extremely high pressures, necessitates such strange protective devices. To give her a purpose in life, the missile receives her final addition, several small but weighty warheads of high explosives, which she tenderly holds in her mid-section. When the final preparation is done, the missile is set on launching rails to begin her short but active life. In the quiet of the evening, prior to firing, she sits like a bird poised for flight, everything within her silent, as though some geni of tremendous power were stoppered inside her, waiting for release.

The day of firing produces the supreme test of the men and their weapon. In the few seconds of flight comes the culmination of the combined efforts of the small crew, whose sensitive fingers seem to impart life to the mass of controlling equipment. The final stage of testings begins as the morning stillness is broken by the high-pitched scream of the alert siren. The tension of waiting is broken at last, and the firing crew race for their radar control vans on a hill behind the missile-launching area. As the last wail of the siren fades away, the deep-throated roar of the huge power generators crescendoes. Within the radar control vans all is in darkness except for the flashing control and panel lights and the steady glow from the radar scope as its beam of orange light traces a never-ending circle on a screen before one of the men. The flurry of cross-talk on the communications lines is intermingled with the high whine of thousands of volts of electricity pulsing through the circuits and with the irregular clicking and humming from within the electronic computer as it out-thinks the incoming target. The time grows short as the news flashes, "Target approaching." All eyes are glued on the radar scope until suddenly a voice sounds, "Radar contact with target," and produces a flurry of action in the crew. All eyes pounce on the spot of light, handwheels spin, dials change, and lights flash from red to green. In an instant the system has selected the target and locked onto it to wait out its approach, as a cat might spot his prey and follow its every movement until he is ready to spring. As the target drone simulating an enemy bomber rushes on, its fate is being sealed on the desert floor miles below. A hand reaches out to a console to flip the safety cover off the small, lone, silver firing switch. Beads of sweat glisten on the foreheads of the crew as the monotoned voice drones into the microphone, "Five, four, three, two, one, fire!"

In the valley below, where the missile sits on its rails, the geni awakens with the roar and spit of a thousand dragons and lashes out toward the blue heavens above, faster than the human eye can follow, leaving behind only a blackened trail of carbon and clouds of dust to blot out the sun's rays. High up in the rarefied atmosphere above the earth, the missile rushes on, guided toward the unsuspecting target drone by the unerring beams from the radar control center far below, until the missile comes face to face with her prey, and the two are no more.

Sunburst at Twilight

KAY JONES

Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper

MAN'S LIFE IS MUCH LIKE THE CEASELESS MOVEMENT of the sun-star as it carries its light and energy across the heavens of space and time. Many people believe that man has a certain pattern or path which he is born to follow, and that like the sun, he travels this orbit in a manner fashioned by destiny. Thus, the life of Carl Sandburg, the man, can be compared with the pathway pursued by the solar star, the sun, as it travels from horizon to horizon.

PRE-DAWN

The period before dawn is usually considered as a time of indecision, when the day, about ready to be born, marks time until it can "find itself." The years of boyhood and early youth for Carl Sandburg, although periods of hesitancy and unrest, laid the foundation for his later portrayals of human feelings. The effect his family, early jobs, travelling, and the war had upon him can be found in the many poems and works he has since created.

Carl August Sandburg was born of Swedish parents on January 6, 1878 at 331 East Third Street, Galesburg, Illinois. His father, a blacksmith for the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, worked ten hours a day, six days a week, for fourteen cents an hour.¹ In spite of the meager earnings, never more than thirty-five dollars a month, Mr. Sandburg managed to support his wife and seven children. The Sandburg family moved several times to different parts of Galesburg, and then settled for a while in the home on Day Street built by the elder Sandburg with the help of Carl and his younger brother Martin. Carl's father, a "black" Swede (dark-haired), was a naturalized citizen of the United States and a staunch supporter of the Republican party.² When Carl was thirteen he was confirmed in the Swedish Lutheran Holy Evangelical Church, where his family were faithful and active members.³

"Sholly," as his father called him, attended the Galesburg public schools through the eighth grade, and the Swedish Lutheran summer school for four years. In 1891 his schooling was interrupted because of lack of money. His first job, driving a milk wagon, took him across Galesburg each morning, and through the Knox College campus, where some of the famed Lincoln-Douglas debates had taken place just twenty years before Carl was born. Perhaps it was at this time in his life, when he began to hear many stories about Lincoln, that there was ignited a spark of interest in and devotion to the man who led the nation during the Civil War years. Certainly, the Lincoln touch was still felt. The very presence of men who had heard, seen, met, and

associated with Lincoln influenced Carl and aroused his imaginative spirit.⁴

Various kinds of jobs followed between 1891 and 1898 for the future Lincoln biographer. Working in the theater as a scene-shifter and small-bit actor, helping on the neighboring farms in the summer, learning to be a tinsmith, and doing other odd jobs were all a part of Carl's youth. As a bootblack in the corner barbershop, Carl again came in contact with men who had known Lincoln, and there he heard many heated political discussions which furthered his interest in the great man.

Much to his father's dismay, when Carl was sixteen he decided to support the Democratic party, since he was strongly in favor of the controversial William Jennings Bryan. The next year, 1895, Sandburg started wandering throughout the Middle West. He travelled as a hobo, rode the rails, picked up jobs as they came, and ate when he could afford it. Undoubtedly, these experiences affected his outlook on life and his attitude toward men, and influenced his later writings. "Varied experience in manual labor and more sustained contacts with more violent aspects. . . of life motivated his devotion to untraditional and unacademic verse. . ."⁵

In 1898, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Carl enlisted in Company C of the Sixth Illinois Volunteers. During the six months he served in Puerto Rico, he had an arrangement to act as a war correspondent for the *Galesburg Evening Mail*, sending long letters that told what he saw and heard and related the adventures of the Galesburg troops in camp and on the march. These were his first published works.⁶ This was the beginning.

SUNRISE

The sunrise of Carl Sandburg's literary life was slow and methodical, often clouded over with the disappointments and setbacks sometimes needed to challenge and stimulate the creative mind. After the war, Sandburg returned to Galesburg to enter Lombard College on a one-year scholarship offered by the college "in recognition for his valorous services in the late war."⁷ He worked at odd jobs to pay for his books and tuition, doing janitor work at the gymnasium, ringing the bells for classes, tutoring, and working part time in the Galesburg fire department. He was captain of the basketball team and editor-in-chief of the college paper. "Cully," as his college and war friends called him, went to college for four years, but during a period of unrest left school before he was to graduate, in his senior year. In 1904, fifty copies of his first poetical efforts, *In Reckless Ecstasy*, were edited and printed with the help of Phillip G. Wright, professor of English at Lombard. These experiments, as Sandburg calls them, were not accepted enthusiastically by the literary world.⁸

Another series of jobs followed his college career. Selling "stereoscopic views" enabled him to travel again. The blue-eyed Swedish descendant was restless and unsettled, and for the next ten years roved from job to job. Most of his work was with newspapers or magazines. This was another learning

period in "Cully's" life. He read furiously, observed continually, listened attentively, and worked incessantly, constantly trying to find himself.

In 1907, he met her: Lillian Steichen, whom he called Paula, was a Phi Beta Kappa and a Latin teacher at Princeton, Illinois. They were married on June 15, 1908, creating an inspiring and life-long union. His job-jumping continued from newspaper to newspaper in Milwaukee and Chicago. His evenings were devoted to writing, both prose and poetry. During the day he was constantly learning, both from his newspaper jobs and his political attachments. The results of this learning took the forms of lecture tours, current political articles, stories, and poetry.

In 1914, he published *Poetry* and was given the two-hundred-dollar Helen Haire Levinson Prize for the poem "Chicago" in this book. His sun-star was rising in the sky. Two years later, *Chicago Poems* was published; it included such poems as "Under a Telephone Pole," "Fog," and "Buttons." In 1917 he joined the staff of the *Chicago Daily News*, of which he was a member until 1932. Things were beginning to look up for the 'Prairie Poet.' He was sent as a correspondent for the Newspaper Enterprise Association to Norway and Sweden for six months during World War I. That same year *Cornhuskers*, which included such poems as the famous "Cool Tombs" and "Fire Dreams," was published. After the war, at the peak of the racial turmoil in Chicago, *The Chicago Race Riots* was published by his friend, Alfred Harcourt, who had just organized Harcourt, Brace and Howe. Sandburg's work was reaching the public—he was being noticed!

HIGH NOON

"Cully's" rise to fame was reaching the midway point in his life—high noon. During the years from 1920 to 1935, Sandburg continued to produce the poems, prose, and writings for which he is famous. Although he did much travelling, lecturing, and singing, he still worked for the *Daily News*. *Smoke and Steel*, his book of poems published in 1920, was a study of industrial America and its effect on the common man. In his biography of Sandburg, Millett makes the remark that here the "poet himself speaks out in defense of a democratic idealism threatened in our time by foes without and foes within."⁹ Then came the books for children, *Rootabaga Stories* in 1922 and *Rootabaga Pigeons* in 1923. These books were written, in part, for his own three daughters, Janet, Helga, and Margaret. More poetry was coming from the heart and through the fingers of Sandburg. *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, published in 1922, was dedicated to Helga and contained such poems as the title poem and "The Windy City."

In the process of being written was *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*, which was copyrighted in 1926. This manuscript, containing eleven hundred sheets and standing two feet high, was the beginning of one of the most thorough and illustrious biographies of Lincoln ever written.¹⁰ One year later, in 1927, *The American Songbag* was published. Carl had been collecting songs

for this book for almost thirty years.¹¹ He included in it the songs he sang and played at home and for lectures. The guitar had long been a part of his life. He was "probably prouder of his horny, string-plucked fingertips than all the honors acquired . . . as biographer, folk singer, and historian."¹² Six banjo lessons when he was a teenager and three vocal lessons when he was at Lombard College were the only formal musical training he ever had.

Personal grief came to Sandburg in 1926, when he was informed of the death of his mother, Clara Sandburg. She had lived for and inspired Carl for seventeen long years after the death of her husband. The "old man with the scythe," as Sandburg called death, besides taking two of his younger brothers with diphtheria on the same day, when he was thirteen, claimed a younger sister in the early years of her marriage, and his other younger brother Martin in 1945. This left Mary, two years older than Sandburg, Carl, and Esther, another, younger sister.¹³

Although his writing as a reporter for the *Daily News* still continued, there was time for the compiling of another book of poems, *Good Morning, America*. This book made the literary world even more aware of his poetic powers than previously. Carl listed his "Tentative (First Model) Definitions of Poetry," some of which are "Poetry is a pack-sack of invisible keepsakes" and "Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits."¹⁴ These short statements aptly describe Sandburg's opinion of the free verse which he writes. The poem for school children,

Splinter

The voice of the last cricket
across the first frost
is one kind of good-by.
It is so thin a splinter of singing.

is characteristic of Sandburg's short, expressive, and homey style.¹⁵ His philosophy of life is portrayed in the poem "Phizzog" when he says

This face you got. . . .
This here phizzog ——— . . .
Somebody said, "Here's yours, now go
see what you can do with it." . . .
"No goods exchanged after being taken
away" ———
This face you got.¹⁶

The Phi Beta Kappa award from Harvard presented to Sandburg in 1928 when he read his new poem "Good Morning, America," started the long list of honors he was to receive from all over the world in the years to come. There were four more books in the next two years. *Rootabaga Country* and *Steichen the Photographer* came out in 1929, followed by *Potato Face* and *Early Moon*, which were published in 1930. *Steichen the Photographer* was a short biography of Lillian Sandburg's brother, the nationally famous photographer and plant-breeder. Before Sandburg retired from the *Daily News* in 1932, another book was published, *Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow*.

Sandburg's retirement did not mean a slackening-up in writing or working. It simply meant that now he had more time to compile information for his next biography on Lincoln, to lecture at colleges or meetings, and to write more poetry. He moved his family to a lakeside home called "Chickaming" at Habert, Michigan, where the poems, *The People, Yes*, published in 1936, were written. By 1935 Carl started the tremendous task of sorting through, discarding, arranging, and compiling his notes for the next volumes of Lincoln's biography. He was fifty-seven years old. His sun had passed its zenith.

SUNBURST AT TWILIGHT

Although Sandburg was now in the sunset years of his life, these were some of his most creative years. For four years he worked on the four-volume biography, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*. During that period he still found time to go on lecture tours. With the help of his family, friends, and business associates, the biography was published in 1939, seventy-four years after Lincoln's assassination. The manuscript, containing 1,175,000 words, one quarter of a million more than the *Bible*, was written on 5,400 sheets of paper and stood three and a half feet high.¹⁷ This work was the beginning of Carl August Sandburg's "sunburst at twilight."

Following this publication he was honored by many schools, colleges, and literary foundations. *The War Years* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in history.¹⁸ Among the many awards received were honorary doctorates of literature from Harvard, Yale, Lombard College, Knox, Lafayette College, Dartmouth, Northwestern, New York University, and Wesleyan University in Connecticut.¹⁹ He was voted a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, made a member of the editorial board of National Labor Defense Council, and awarded a medal for his Lincoln biography by the Roosevelt Memorial Association.²⁰ Sandburg was a definitely established figure in the literary world; and the eye of the public was on him.

At the outbreak of World War II, he again wrote articles for newspapers, doing his bit in the fight for peace. In 1942, *Home Front Memo*, a collection of pamphlets, speeches, broadcasts, newspaper columns, legends, poems, and photograph texts, was made available to the public. One of the popular newspaper columns included was "The Man with the Broken Fingers," a startlingly gruesome and shocking poem about "Norwegian will pitted against Nazi will," which showed how a man was cruelly made to die a thousand deaths unless he betrayed his country.

The Sandburg family moved to Connermara Farm near Flat Rock, North Carolina, where they now live. There Paula Sandburg is in charge of the 248-acre farm, her nationally-known and respected goat herd, and all book-keeping, with the help of her two daughters, Margaret and Janet.²¹

After working on it for four years, Sandburg released *Remembrance Rock* in 1948. This 10,067-page historical novel contains much of the American

philosophy, ideals, social problems, and other qualities suggested by his term, "the American Dream."²² *Complete Poems* was published in 1950. By 1953, the first part of his autobiography was completed and published; *Always the Young Strangers* deals mostly with his younger days. The second volume of his autobiography, tentatively called *Ever the Winds of Chance*, is about half completed.

In January 1956, a party was held for Carl Sandburg in Chicago to celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday. In the article "Spirit of '78" Sandburg's prescription for happiness was listed. His desires were "To be out of jail, to eat and sleep regular, to get what I write printed in a free country for free people, and to have a little love in the home and esteem outside the home."²³ Despite his age, he continues to give lectures. Usually, his audiences can have their pick of three lectures, "An Evening with Carl Sandburg," "American Folk Songs and Folk Tales," or "Romanticism and Realism in American Life and Letters." Early in 1956, it was publicly announced that Sandburg's private library and files had been purchased by the University of Illinois for thirty thousand dollars. To Sandburg the most valuable part of this library are the manuscripts of *The Prairie Years* and *The War Years* as he gave them to the copyist.

"Bright vocabularies are transient as rainbows."²⁴ These are the words by which Sandburg defends his style of writing. His early style was described as "unmistakable for its manly use of strong, everyday vocabulary."²⁵ His writings were characterized as "primitive style, repetitious, plain descriptions of things and people," but they contain "common wisdom, folly, popular jokes, and legends held together with tolerance and lyrical affirmation."²⁶ Millett feels that Sandburg's "brutality and crudeness. . . were deliberate gestures of a fine and feeling nature."²⁷ Sandburg is American. He is the "Prairie Poet." His very being belongs to man—the trials, joys, fears, sorrows, and hopes that make man what he is. Carl Sandburg could be called a dreamer, but he is too practical, is too aware of reality, and has too much common sense to let his life be guided completely by the intangible and fanciful. His life is full and fruitful.

¹ Karl Detzer, *Carl Sandburg* (New York, 1941), p. 10.

² Earnest Elmo Calkins, "The Education of an American Poet," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXVI (January 17, 1953), 9.

³ Detzer, p. 26.

⁴ Detzer, p. 18.

⁵ F. B. Millett, *Contemporary American Authors* (New York, 1940), p. 139.

⁶ Detzer, p. 45.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 47.

⁸ Detzer, p. 53-54.

⁹ *op. cit.*, p. 140.

¹⁰ "Sandburg Delivers Speech," *Champaign News-Gazette* (March 9, 1956).

¹¹ Detzer, p. 183.

¹² "Biographical Sketch," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXI (October 9, 1948), 14.

¹³ Mrs. Esther Wachs, interview, July 12, 1956.

¹⁴ Carl Sandburg, *Good Morning, America* (New York, 1928), p. vii.

¹⁵ *Ibid*, p. 108.

¹⁶ *Good Morning, America*, p. 143.

¹⁷ Detzer, p. 3.

¹⁸ *Ibid*, p. 190.

¹⁹ *Ibid*.

²⁰ Millet, p. 40.

²¹ "A Visit with Carl Sandburg," *Look*, (July 10, 1956), 95-100.

²² William Soskin, "The American Dream Panorama," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXI (October 9, 1948), 14.

²³ "Spirit of '78," *Newsweek*, XLVIII (January 16, 1956), 48.

²⁴ *Good Morning, America*, p. 239.

²⁵ "Big Shoulders," *Scholastic*, XLIX (October 14, 1946), 20.

²⁶ Selden Rodman, "Biographical Sketch," *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXIII (November 18, 1950), 23.

²⁷ Millett, p. 139.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

"A Visit with Carl Sandburg," *Look*, (July 10, 1956), 95-100.

"Big Shoulders," *Scholastic*, XLIX (October 14, 1946), 20.

"Biographical Note," *Scholastic*, XLII (February 8, 1943), 18.

Calkins, Earnest Elmo. "The Education of an American Poet." *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXVI (January 17, 1953), 9-10.

Detzer, Karl. *Carl Sandburg*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1941.

Emerson, W. A. Jr. "At Home: All Brightness and Whiteness." *Newsweek*, XLV (February 14, 1955), 53.

McGill, R. "Most Unforgettable Character I've Met." *The Reader's Digest*, LXIV (May, 1954), 109-113.

Millett, F. B. *Contemporary American Authors*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1940.

"Old Workhorse in New Harness: A Columnist." *Newsweek*, XVII (April 7, 1941), 59-60.

"Poet Holds 'Informal Court.'" *The Daily Illini*, (March 9, 1956).

Rodman, Selden. "Biographical Sketch." *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXIII (November 18, 1950), 14.

Sandburg, Carl. *Chicago Poems*. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1916.

———. *Cornhuskers*. New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1919.

———. *Home Front Memo*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1943.

———. *Smoke and Steel; Slabs of the Sunburnt West; Good Morning, America*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1928.

"Sandburg, Carl." *Collier's Encyclopedia*, 1955 ed. XVII.

"Sandburg, Carl." *Encyclopedia Americana*, 1955 ed. XXIV.

"Sandburg Creates Memories—Besieged by Well-Wishers." *The Daily Illini*, (March 10, 1956).

"Sandburg Delivers a Speech." *Champaign News-Gazette*, (March 9, 1956).

Soskin, William. "The American Dream Panorama." *The Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXI (October 9, 1948), 14.

"Spirit of '78." *Newsweek*, XLVIII (January 16, 1956), 48.

Wachs, Esther Sandburg. Interview on July 12, 1956.

Grand Canyon Sunrise

Variations on a Theme

RICHARD KOCH

'Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

"The drums of the sun never get tired, and first off every morning, the drums of the sun perform an introduction of the dawn here." CARL SANDBURG

AT PIMA POINT: THROUGH THE TREES AT THREE A.M. was a black hole; no light, no shape, just black. Before life came into the world there was no light, no shape, just black; a black hole. Reaching down into the bowels of the earth, or maybe not, who knows? Who could have lanterns for eyes? Who has eyes? Who needs eyes?—Just feel it. The earth's tongue has been clipped, and there is no sound. God worked here. "Be still and speak my glory."

At Yavapai Point: The priests in Shiva Temple sleep, like Wotan dead on his throne. They'll soon awake as the drums start to beat.

The stars tiptoe through the holes in the sky, and the misty night whispers off the rocks. Over the damson cliffs the sun's heralds come, marching up the cloud streaks, while God pours gold on the mountaintops. The gold splashes onto the Great Thumb Point, and pokes it up out of the plum hole fifteen miles to the east. And the light pink cliff-tops march from west to east in giant stride, but they tread feather light, for the silence must be.

Up from their beds come the rock-giants now, the summer sun finding each one in turn and shining its pink-gold light on their faces. Then the sun shakes the Shiva priests off their pallets for another day of prayer, and the lights come on in the temple—the burning golden candles.

The chasm yawns, and shows its quicksilver teeth down there as in another world, through the mist of time. The nearest cliff begins to fall this way as the sun forces a shadow between it and the canyon wall. And other cliffs, rock-giants, follow as the sun calls roll. And the cliffs keep marching.

Then the gold runs off the mountaintops to fill the canyon, and the rock fuses with the gold and flushes saffron and emerald till the gold spills into the river to make a silent steam that fills the canyon. And the legions are mute now, while the sun makes its slow, slow flight.

"He told himself, This may be something else than what I see when I look—how do I know? For each man sees himself in the Grand Canyon—each one makes his own Canyon before he comes, each one brings and carries away his own Canyon—who knows and how do I know?" CARL SANDBURG

The Old Man and the Canes

SALLY LANGHAAR

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

EVERY AFTERNOON HE SAT ON THE PARK BENCH, HOLDING in his aged hands at least four wooden canes. These canes were not for sale; they were not for rent; yet, he never held less than four. Every afternoon I'd walk past this old man. We never spoke; instead, we just gazed a little bewilderedly at each other. I might say that I thought he was a little peculiar; but perhaps he thought the same about me. After all, I was like a new bud on a plant and he had begun to wither.

His face was creased by wrinkles. There were worry wrinkles between his wiry black eyebrows, and there were frown wrinkles across his forehead. There were smile wrinkles at the corners of his mouth and at the corners of his meditating eyes. The depth of these smile wrinkles told me that during his lifetime he had laughed and loved more often than he had frowned or worried. But why didn't he laugh any more? And why did he always have so many canes?

I was walking through the park one afternoon, when he got up from his bench and began to walk towards me. He walked slowly and deliberately, using only one cane to steady him. The other three he carried, as usual, under his left arm. As he approached me, gradually a smile came over his face, and his eyes began to beam.

"I see you every day," he began, "and I wondered if you wouldn't accept one of my canes as a gift? You see, I make them myself. It's my hobby."

I looked at the canes, and they were the most beautiful canes I'd ever seen! Small, intricate and detailed patterns of animals, people, and landscapes were carved into the wood. Why, these canes would require hours of what most people would consider tedious work! And this man didn't even know me. Why, he didn't even know my name!

He must have noticed my hesitancy, for he persisted, "Please, I'd like you to have one."

"Well, thank you so very much!" I exclaimed. "They're beautiful!"

Then, he proceeded to hand me the most beautiful by far of the four canes. As I took the cane I noticed his long, slender fingers and bulging veins. Those hands had been very busy for many years. Maybe he had once been a pianist or a sculptor. Such thoughts faded; and I excused myself, thanked the kind old man, told him I'd see him the next day, and hurried on to work.

I didn't know what I'd do with the cane, but a few of my questions had been answered. This man was lonely. He probably lived by himself, and these canes were all he had. They meant everything to him; if he could

give them away and see the delight and happiness of the receiver, he had, no doubt, fulfilled his purpose in making them.

The next afternoon, as I had promised, I walked through the park. No longer did we just gaze bewilderedly at each other. This time we smiled. We smiled as if to say, "You know, I understand you now." No longer was this just the old man with the canes. Now, he was the kind and lonely old man with the beautifully hand-carved canes.

Away with the A's

TOBYE BLACK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 2

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF ISSUING STUDENTS GRADES TO show what they have comprehended in a course is false. The grading system is a screen for the person who wants a degree and a handicap for the individual who wants to learn.

Most colleges and universities demand a good scholastic average as one of the basic requirements for entrance. Many of the wiser schools consider college board examinations more important than high school grades. Any person of average intelligence can cram for a test and receive a B, but one cannot cram for a college board examination which is a test of one's intelligence, and how one puts the knowledge he has to work. Yet even though the student wishes he could take the time to think theories out as required in the entrance exam, he finds that he must devote the time instead to memorization of terms that he will forget in the next month. At present I am taking a pre-med zoology course in which I have memorized at least a thousand Latin terms. I cannot explain the functions of any of the organs in detail, but because I know the names of the organs, I can get an A on the test; I feel like a parrot.

The grading system is a perfect bluff for the person who doesn't want an education but merely a degree. He devotes twenty-five hours a week to swallowing book terminology and spits it out on the test; the actual meaning has never been digested. At the end of four years, he receives his degree, and is one of the millions of quacks who profess they are educated men.

I believe that the grading system should be completely abolished. A comprehensive examination at the end of each semester should be the determining factor in whether the student passes or fails. If the instructor feels that the student has understood the material and can use it in either a practical or original manner, depending on the course, the teacher should issue a passing grade. It is a tremendous achievement to be able to understand the basic elements of a subject; the student that does comprehend them is ready for the next course.

What Price Law Enforcement?

LEON SIMON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

THE WHITE CITIZENS' COUNCILS OF THE SOUTH ARE ORGANIZED primarily for one purpose. That purpose is to oppose and fight against the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States concerning segregation in the public schools. Some integrationists believe the White Citizens' Councils should be outlawed, since they openly oppose the law established by the Supreme Court's decision. Other people, including many segregationists and even some integrationists, believe that the councils should be allowed to exist as long as they do not use or advocate violence.

The actual issue of integration is relatively unimportant in the controversy concerning the proposed banishment of the councils. The main argument in the controversy involves the question of whether or not the councils have a constitutional right to exist. The constitutional rights in question are freedom of speech and the rights of petition and assembly.

For the purpose of this discussion freedom of speech shall be defined as the right of an individual or of a group to express his or their thoughts as long as they do not act to infringe upon the rights of others. The right of petition and assembly shall be defined as the right of a group to assemble and work towards a common legal goal by the means of petition and through other legal means.

The freedom of speech of the councils has been disclaimed by the councils' opponents on the contention that by opposing the law the councils infringe on the rights of the Negroes who are unlawfully segregated. It is a meaningless fanatical cry to claim that those councils which peacefully oppose the law through legal means are actually infringing on anybody's rights. If peaceful vocal disapproval were actually infringement on the rights of others, a person could lose his freedom of speech by speaking against the right of women to vote. He would be infringing on the rights of women in precisely the same manner as the citizens' councils are said to infringe on the rights of the Negroes. Shortly after the right of women to vote was established, many men spoke against it, but there certainly was no widespread belief that they were abusing their freedom of speech in doing so.

The question then arises as to whether or not it is legal to work against a federal law. It certainly is legal! An outstanding example of a successful fight against federal law was the fight against prohibition which ended with the repeal of the prohibition amendment. The laws of our country are flexible and continually changing. Few people question the right of others to fight against existing laws, such as those concerning capital punishment, tax laws, and tariff laws. A law established by a Supreme Court decision

is different in nature from a law established by legislative action of Congress, but even laws established by the Supreme Court are not so iron-bound and unyielding that they cannot be questioned and possibly even altered by those governed by the laws.

Those who would banish the White Citizens' Councils choose to ignore two of the basic rights of American citizens in order to hasten the enforcement of a law. The thoughtful observer may foresee the dire consequences of this hasty action. If the rights of the members of the White Citizens' Councils are nullified, it will set a precedent which will endanger the basic rights of every American citizen. That precedent will be the nullification of basic rights in order to facilitate quicker and more efficient enforcement of other laws. When this happens America will cease to be the great free country it is today.

Sketch

JUTTA ANDERSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

EVERY WEDNESDAY—AT THREE—THEY WOULD COME. Every Wednesday, we could hear their feeble stumbling, their giggling and chuckling, coming through the garden into the house. Anna, the maid, would open the door and tell them that the table was set in the second dining room. Every Wednesday—at three—*Maman* had coffee hour for her lady friends.

Papa, in his formal and a little bit uncomfortable suit, *Maman*, in her silky afternoon dress, and we three girls, bored, but having surrendered to the ceremony, would await them in the living room. *Papa* would bow over every hand, kiss it, and assure each of these old ladies of his most exquisite delight to see her. *Maman* would accept the somewhat tired, tepid greetings as a queen accepts the cheerings of her subjects. We girls, according to strict etiquette, would kiss all those old, faded, flabby, dried cheeks, and show our best smiles. Each time, after this welcome scene, *Papa* would excuse himself and disappear, not without my sister whispering into my ear, "Lucky person!"

At 3:15, Anna would open the sliding doors to the dining room where the table was set: every time, one little tiny glass of sherry; every time, coffee with whipping cream; every time, two different coffee cakes.

Then we would take our seats. My sisters and I, placed carefully among the ladies, had no other social obligation than to pass coffee, whipping cream, sugar, or cake plates up or down the table, and to say: "How wonderful!" or "Isn't that interesting!" or "How delightful, *ma chérie!*" at the appropriate

time. Sometimes they would ask me to play the piano and afterwards would tell me in flowery words how wonderful my playing was; even old Mrs. Reeger would smile at me and comment on the music, though we all knew that because of her bad hearing she could not have appreciated a single sound. They always talked about the same good old time, when they were young, their husbands still alive with their future before them, and when they had seemed to have so much more of everything. One of them would let drop a little lost tear, *Maman* would say, "But my dear!" and the others would get thoughtful and maybe a little bit sad. Their murmurs would flow on like a rivulet in the autumn not expecting a storm any more; their tired old shaky hands would continue to play with the napkins or the coffee spoons. They would sit there quietly, with shy smiles, nodding heads, inward looking eyes—ghosts for whom time no longer existed.

Exactly at five o'clock, they would get up, thank *Maman* in extravagant words for the most superb two hours, accept all those cheek-kisses from us girls, and shuffle away—just to come back every Wednesday—at three—to *Maman's* coffee hour.

Put the Man Together

LEAH MEYER

Rhetoric Placement Test

DR. ETHEL ALPENFELS, THE WELL-KNOWN ANTHROPOLOGIST, spoke to a group of high school students recently on their role in society. After discussing the goals and the problems of her adolescent audience, Dr. Alpenfels related an anecdote which I consider to be invaluable to any teenager or adult who doesn't realize his individual worth and importance in our modern society.

On an especially humid and uncomfortable day, the doctor explained, a young child was annoying his weary father. "What can I do?" the youngster begged. "Give me something to play with, Daddy." The parent, wishing to be rid of the child, reached for a map of the world and cut it into varied shapes.

"Here," the lad's father said, "take this puzzle and see if you can put it back together."

Jumping at the unusual plaything, the child soon became engrossed in it, while his father relaxed and eagerly anticipated a few hours of peace.

In a few moments, however, the boy returned with the map, which was perfectly pieced together. His father was amazed. "How did you do this?" he demanded.

"Oh," his son replied, "there was a picture of a man on the other side of the map. So I just put the man together and the world came out all right!"

With this, Dr. Alpenfels concluded her speech, but each of us in the audience left remembering her important advice—"Just put the man together and the world comes out all right." It was a child's thought, and yet it is often difficult for the adults of today's society and those of us who will be adults of tomorrow's society to remember the importance of man in relation to the world. Men such as David Reisman, one of the authors of *The Lonely Crowd*, have emphasized the problem of conformity. *The Corporation Man* also deals with this subject. For example, what are the citizens of our own country doing to create the feeling of individuality in American education and politics?

In our school systems too much importance is placed on being "a regular guy." Joe College and Betty Coed seem to have over-run the campuses of our country. Children are enrolled in our elementary schools at the age of five and usually progress upward on the educational ladder until they reach the end of their compulsory education. Group living and social studies are stressed in the child's elementary and high-school education, but is he taught to be an individual? I believe that there are too many cases in which he does not learn this important lesson. How much more satisfactory the process of learning would be if every student were allowed to progress at his own rate, feeling neither superior nor inferior to his group, but rather, feeling the importance of his individuality.

Our country's political affairs, too, stress the crowd rather than the human being. "Join the bandwagon and vote for our candidate!" is the campaign cheer, rather than "Think for yourself and vote wisely." Perhaps this too relates back to our educational system. Learning to reason and think for himself should be today's student's major lesson.

A better world, a hopeful future—these I believe could belong to posterity if only we would begin to realize the importance of "I" rather than "we." If our "indifference to being different" can be corrected, I believe we will have accomplished Dr. Alpenfel's dream. Like the young boy, we will have "put the man together" and the world will "come out all right!"

Rhet as Writ

. . but if it hadn't been for that little wreck, I might still be driving wrecklessly.

Running around the corner and tripping over a dog with a trayful of milkshakes was an everyday occurrence.

The new freshman's expressions are absolutely uphauling.

At 12:10 the lieutenant was going to call the bus terminal when it drove up.

This was proved last year when the all-freshman average was 3.178, and the all-pledge average was 3.921. The difference, as one can readily see, is almost two-tenth of a grade point.

What good does the football player himself get out of football? He may earn noteriety, which may prove useful to him in later life.

I plan to build a large ranch house with French widows in it.

At the present time there are some 28 different programs for the prospective service man divided into two sections.

The other employees would enter the office with simile of accomplishment and their belts loose.

I like all kinds of water sports, especially water polio.

Colleague: a person whom another attended college with.

Also, if traveling makes one sick, the airline companies provide a personalized paper bag for your disposal which is just one of many luxuries of traveling by air.

Thus, the main reason for existence is to keep life from getting boring.

If everyone would speak the same language, how could there be any secret weapons?

The Contributors

Dale Lytton—Flora

Mike Sovereign—Western Springs

Judith Raphael—Maine Twp.

James H. Stein, Jr.—George School, Pa.

Sue Hatch—Oak Park

Frank Kaspar—Crystal Lake

Sara Crew—Oak Park-River Forest

Stanley House—Southwest, Kansas City, Mo.

Max Flandorfer—U. S. Navy, G.E.D.

Sue Fullerton—Sparta Twp.

Valerie Neville—York Community

Mark Zimmerman—McHenry

Nelson G. Freeman—Springfield Technical, Springfield, Mass.

Kay Jones—Dewey

Richard Koch—Austin

Sally Langhaar—Urbana

Toby Black—Oak Park-River Forest

Leon Simon—West Aurora

Jutta Anderson—Gymnasium, Graz, Austria

Leah Meyer—Bloom Twp.